Mendon Historical Society
Mendon, Massachusetts

THE NONSENSE OF A NONSENSICAL MIND

Verses, Rhymes, Acrostics
by M. M. Aldrich
(1834-1914)

THE OLD SHOP

Where M.M.A. worked
in the center of
Mendon

1

The dear old shop, they've torn it down
Clear from ridge to the very ground!
And every piece that formed its parts
They've borne away in lumber carts.

2

From north and south, from east and west,
From every point, in eager quest,
Crowds of people came forth with greed
And bought what they did or did'nt need.

3

To varied use applied it's been,
In house and barn, in shed and pen,
And all rejoice that they have got
A relic from the dear old shop.

4

In its demise was quickly felled
Alandmark by which thoughts were held
Of bygone days and scenes therein
When all was life through business din.

5

When hearts were young and full of hope
And full of strength with life to cope;
The souls gone hence, whom there we met,
God grant that we may ne'er forget!

6

The Wheelocks first came on the scene,
Outdoing all that intervene.
Business bristled with energy
That filled the soul with joy to see.

7

T'was they that reared the structure grand
Equipping with a liberal hand,
And nothing there in all the land
Was equal to the Wheelock-stand.

8

Alas! how quickly all was gone
Seemed but an evening and a morn,
Where once was stir from base to top
Came quietude in the old shop.

THE FOURTH OF JULY IN MENDON

1

Toot - toot - toot - just like that,
Sputter - sputter - sputter - sputter spat.
And that's the way the thing was done,
The FOURTH in Mendon was begun.

2

This was the evening before,
Just but a sample of the more;
Just to encourage the notion
That Fourth of July was in motion.

3

The small boys were out with their tooters,
The bigger ones all became hooters.
And all through the town went the noise,
The hooting and tooting of boys.

4

Bang - bang - - again 'twas bang,
Louder, louder - the echo rang.
Ding-danged the steeple bell,
Its clang was heard o'er hill and dell.

5

"twas four at morn or thereabouts,
We knew what's up, by howls and shouts.
The noise of cannon, and smaller fry,
Rousing the town from palace to sty.

6

Oh horrible, horrible, indeed,
The man, the woman, the noble steed,
Marching along in horrible form,
Taking the town by horrible storm.

7

These were Horribles of North Avenue,
And sure enough 'twas a jolly crew.
Each one vying with each, to see
Who the most "horrible" one should be.

8

Gypsies on foot; gypsies in wagons,
Some with looks of veritable dragons.
Girls in breeches; boys in gown,
"twas the new woman came to town.

9

Some on wheels and some horse-back,
Some looked forward and some looked back.
All wore masks, to hide their phizes,
That none should guess whether Jonnies or Lizzies.

10

On they marched, in their varied style,
Whether abreast or single file.
And all through town they led their course,
Shouting and shouting till all were hoarse.

11

The feat was new and novel here
And seemed to some as rather queer.
But all agreed 'twas no bad mess
Tramping the streets in gypsy dress.

12

Then all returned to their native heath
Their faces hid, even their teeth;
That their identify none should guess
In bloomer rig and gypsy dress.

13

But as these gypsies wandered by
Wiley eyes did them descry,
At every window, dressed or undressed,
Somebody craned and guessed and guessed.

14

Some guessed one and some another
But couldn't be sure of which from tother.
And thus 'twas scored a grand success,
The Avenue band in gypsy dress.

15

Tis blooded stock on this old street,
Who always enter the race to beat;
Whether in gypsy or other dress,
Are bound to win a grand success.

MENDON

Mendon, Mother Mendon; how dear the sound;
What pleasant memories in it are bound;
Of the days that are gone, how sweet to remember,
When our days were younger, brighter, and tender.

The dear old hils, so bright and green;
None more lovely ere were seen.
The winding brooks and spreading fields,
Rich as the richest in their yields.

Oh precious spot of all the earth
The place where we received our birth.
We learn to love it more and more,
The dear old mother town of yore.

That beautiful pond, with points and coves;
Its granite hills; its woods; its groves;
Its sparking water, bright and clear;
What spot on earth could be more dear.

Many the happy hour we've spent,
Many the time the oar we've bent,
While rambling on its rocky shore,
And crossing its water o'er and o'er.

Many the time, with other boys,
We've caught its shining finny tribe.
And many the comrades of our joys
Who years and years ago have died.

That House of God our fathers made
With quivering spire so strong and staid;
Its ancient pulpit of unique design,
And the organ of ye olden time.

The people who were wont to come
To pay their vows to God and the Son;
Their sacred memory our hearts adorn
But they alas - alas are gone.

With joy and grief we call to mind
This grand old town of towns.
The joy for all that good and kind
The grief for all its passing frowns.

Never more will the happy days of yore
Return in their course again.
But others may know them all the more
And take up our sweet refrain.

Roll on, oh time, in thy mad flight
Nor life nor death shall make you stay;
Roll on, oh time, through day and night
Till all mankind shall God obey.

MENDON

Eternal Father, we would come to thee,
Receive us Lord, we humbly pray;
Prepare us for eternity
That we with Thee may ever stay.

TO SAVE FAIR NIPMUCK

1

'Twould give me the greatest of joy,
And save from deepest despond,
To know that naught should destroy
Our sparkling and beautiful pond.

2

Tis studded around with grand hills
Which so gracefully doth it inclose;
God never intended that mills
Should trespass its quiet repose.

3

Ne'er intended that greed for gain
Should take it to private control,
And wrest from public domain
Our own "Bethesda Pool".

4

The destroyer's sword, behold, is drawn
Our Nipmuck fair in danger stands;
Proud Uxbridge, to herself adorn,
Her mother's jewel now demands.

5

Would take the apple of her eye
And e'en her very heart's blood drain,
And turn fair Nipmuck wholly dry
To gratify a thirst for gain.

6

Out utmost voice, our utmost cry,
Should now be heard throughout the land.
Let earth beneath and heav'n on high
Make haste to stay this ruthless hand.

7

The spirit realm a protest sends,
The dusky warrior quiver takes;
With arrow set, the bow he bends
To save his peoples' queen of lakes.

8

From Colonel Crown, the first of whites
Beguiled by Nipmuck's fair scenes,
Comes protest's storm against all rights
To turn fair "Nipmuck" to lowly means.

17

To bathe and swim, they gathered here;
And in their boats they rowed and sailed;
With Nipmuck's waters, bright and clear,
With great delight these sports were hailed.

18

With rod and line and baited hook
At Nipmuck's side they oft were seen;
And often from her waters took
A toothsome meal for king or queen.

19

We of the present know full well
The grandeur of our Nipmuck sweet;
What soul among us could not tell
Of pleasures found at its retreat.

20

In boyhood's days, what joy we had
Frolicking on old Nipmuck's shore,
Its mem'ry tends to make one sad
And sigh for the olden times once more.

21

Let strangers have fair Nipmuck? No!
We ne'er will harbour such a thought.
We cannot - will not - let her go,
The precious gem our fathers bought.